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More About the Happiest Girl in Korea

by
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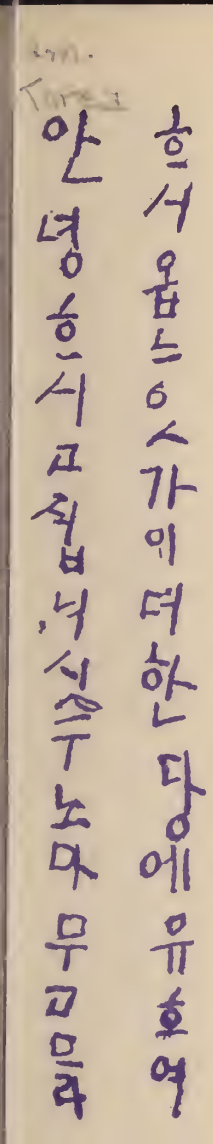

MORE ABOUT THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN KOREA

THE Happiest Girl in Korea was very, very busy. She was writing the first letter that she had ever sent out of her own country. It was not an ordinary letter, either. It was a "thank you" letter. Neither had our Happiest Girl been to school; so this letter writing business was a difficult one, because, if you remember, the Happiest Girl in Korea had had both hands and one foot removed. To-day, as she sat gravely before a little table on the floor of the "Salvation for all Women" Hospital, in the city of Seoul, Korea, she wrinkled her brow and frowned repeatedly, for the pencil would slip and the letters would not keep straight in line as they ought to do. It took a long while to do it, but one letter was at last finished.

It was quite a long letter, fully a yard long, written up and down the page, from left to right, in Korean style. The whole of its contents we would like to give, but a little bit will have to do. So here goes for a little piece of it:—

"The land of Tai Han (Korea), foreign third moon, first day (March 1), 1910. To our loving Pouin: Are you in health in the midst of God's grace, and is all your household well? As for Oak-pun-ie, now baptized Anna Song, she is still living in the land of

Tai Han, and is trying to wear the goodness of the Heavenly Father, and *has nothing of which to complain.*"

Three lines of this letter you will see in the Korean characters on the cover. The "thank you" part there is not space to print.

The letter finished, Oak-pun-ie rests a while, for it had to be written with a lead pencil tied securely between two handless arms, and keeping it steady was very nerve-racking.

While resting, the nurse came to her: "Well, child, how are you getting along?"

"Oh," answered the Happiest Girl, "there's one done. Can the lady read it, do you think?"

The nurse took the letter, slightly turned her back, and used her handkerchief freely. It is a strange thing, but somehow, when folks look at our Happiest Girl and talk to her, note the affliction, yet see the sweet face ever beaming, it makes a lump in the throat, and water comes to the eyes, and folks use their handkerchiefs, when Oak-pun-ie isn't looking. The nurse read the letter, which was really written very well, better than many written by those who have hands.

"Why, yes, Anna" (for we must now call Oak-pun-ie by her baptized name), "it's beautifully done"—Anna's face beamed—"but would you not better stop for to-day?"

"Well," said Anna, "there's another one to write for that beautiful silk quilt sent by the other ladies."

"Oh," remonstrated the nurse, "but you must leave some for another day; and besides,

it's time for your ride outside. It's cold, but splendid and clear. Come, now, let's have the ride, then dinner, then a little rest" (for our Anna has never been very strong), "and then, if you feel well enough, you may go into the dispensary a little while, the doctor says." Anna's face beamed; she was once more the Happiest Girl.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. "I was afraid the doctor would not let me go to the poor, heathen people, to-day. I thought if I wrote my letter she would say that was enough."

"No," said the nurse. "She just told me if you would stop now, take your ride and rest a little after dinner, you might go into the dispensary, for the Bible woman will have to leave early to-day and the doctor would like to have you there with the people."

While Anna is getting ready for her trip, suppose we take a peep outside at the beautiful wheel chair sent by a dear mother in America whose daughter had been cured of what seemed to be permanent invalidism, and whose grateful heart had prompted the sending of the wheel chair to Oak-pun-ie, whose story she had read in the little leaflet, "The Happiest Girl in Korea." The chair is strongly built, light in weight, small in size but plenty big enough for Anna, and no millionaire of America was ever prouder of his handsome touring car than our afflicted girl is of her wheel chair.

Soon she was seated in it, warmly clad and covered with a beautiful silk quilt which had been made by a lady in America for mis-

sionary purposes and bought by a district convention to be sent to the Happiest Girl in Korea. The ride over, her dinner was served by the nurse, who had to do part of the feeding, then came a rest on her white bed (which is supported by a Bible Class in an Eastern State), and once more we find Anna seated in a corner of the hospital dispensary, surrounded by a room full of open-mouthed, wide-eyed women, mostly heathen, from surrounding districts.

Amidst the crying of suffering babies and the amazed questions constantly poured forth by her audience, Anna deftly turned pages in her Bible with her arms and found the chapter she loved most of all, "I. John, 4." She read to the verse on which she intended to dwell that day, the seventh: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." Beginning with the story of her suffering early life (as recounted in "The Happiest Girl in Korea") our Anna told these poor, ignorant women of the love, the care, the help, the protection and the joy that had been hers within the walls of this little hospital of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

"My!" said one. "That's funny. If those Christian doctors took off her hands and her foot, yet let her live and treat her this way, and have given her all this learning, all because they belong to the God, Jesus Christ, there is something in their religion that isn't like any other we ever had in Korea."

"Yes," answered the woman beside her. "I wonder why they didn't take the knife

they used to cut off her hands, and put it through her heart. It would have saved them lots of trouble and lots of expense."

"Well, it's a funny religion, anyhow; but look at her talking, see how her eyes shine and her cheeks are round and healthy. She hasn't any hands, and only one foot, but I declare she is happier than any of us here, who have them all."

"I believe this religion is about the best of all. What's that she's saying? I didn't catch it."

"Listen," said her companion, " she's saying it again." And they listened.

"Women of Korea," rang out the clear-toned voice of our Happy Girl, "it was because he loved you, this God—Jesus Christ—that he came to this earth and gave up his own life for you. When you go to the Christian church and kneel down and pray to the Father in Heaven in the name of this Jesus, saying you are sorry for all the wickedness you have ever done, and all that is in your heart, and tell him, too, that the wicked heart in your side here is heavy like a stone because of your sins, and tell him you want him to take it away, *he will do it*. He will make it all white and clean, and it will feel as if there were feathers in place of the stone, and you, too, will always be happy while you live; and when you die he will take you to live with himself and with the Christ in a beautiful home he has made for you, and all the sickness will be gone. O women, come and pray to-day! Go to the churches if you can, but if you cannot, pray here and now,

and the Father will wash your hearts right now while you pray, and there will be peace always and joy forevermore. Come, women, Jesus is waiting. Kneel down and pray while I sing." And with a voice like a bell, our Anna sang the song she loved best,

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me pure within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The song ceased, and all over the room the poor, ignorant women, side by side with women from the ranks of the nobility, wiped tear-wet eyes as they cried out, "We will come to-morrow. Tell us some more. Sing it again." Again and again verses of hymn after hymn rang out from the voice that never seems to tire, and finally, as the shadows deepened and the doctor called the last patient into the consulting room—for all this had been going on while the doctor was treating the patients—the girl rose on her one foot, standing with crutches under her arms, and called out, "Raise your hands, you who want to know the Christ better." And as the hands were raised here and there over the room Anna bowed her head and said: "Dear Jesus, here are some more. They are tired and weary and they want to know about you. Help them now, and teach them soon, as you have taught me. Amen."

A nurse appeared in the doorway, saying, "Anna, it's time to go back for supper," and led her away. In the hospital ward came supper, a few words with the doctor, and

evening prayer, and then, in her white night-dress, our Happy Girl slept; while the doctor, leaning over the neat white bed, said, "Dear one, there will be more souls for your work than for that of any preacher in the land of Korea. May God bless you, dear child, and keep you always near to him."

The next day the other "thank you" letter was written; and so Anna's life goes on, day after day, in peace and content. She has her days of trial and even of suffering, yet, for her constitution will never be a strong one; but we would say to those who love our Happiest Girl in Korea that we do not ask them for anything further,—no more wheel chairs, silk quilts or support, for all these things have been given in sufficient quantity for our Anna. We would say to them, however, that in the great land of Korea there are living thousands of girls who need the same care that Anna has had in this hospital; girls who, if they had had the same chance, would to-day be repeating the same story with a happy heart.

May we ask you who read this sequel to "The Happiest Girl in Korea" to place in the treasury of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society a little of the money you would spend in luxuries, that it may get to Korea this year to save thousands of the girls, who will be happy ones, too, if you Christians of America help to make them so.

"*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*"

Send 3 cents to your Branch Depot of Supplies for Oak-pun-ie's picture on a post-card.